

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1989, May 4, 1957

WALKING HOME ALONG THE NATCHEZ TRACE

**Romantic story of a famous
old American trail**

CAN you imagine yourself "walking home" along a 500-mile trail winding through treacherous swamps and round impenetrable clumps of forest infested with bandits and hostile Indians—and doing it perhaps half-a-dozen times a year?

This was the journey which used to face the flatboatmen of the 18th century who floated cotton, sugar, and flour down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. As they could not push their boats upstream, they sold them and then set off to walk home, taking a trail infamous in American history—the Natchez Trace.

Today, this trail is being steadily forged into a new high-speed motorway, connecting (as in the past) the towns of Nashville in Tennessee with Natchez in Mississippi. Known as the Natchez Trace Parkway, the project was started in 1937, but work was interrupted by the Second World War. Over half of the 450 miles has now been completed.

Originally, the trail was made by bison, who year after year returned to their favourite feeding grounds and salt licks, beating out many paths with their hoofs as they moved through the swamps and primeval forests of the region. Red Indians linked the paths and a tortuous and treacherous trail came into being. For many years it was one of the main American "highways" of the Old South-west. Both French and Spanish militia used the trail at different times, as well as settlers seeking new land.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME

Of several names by which it was known, that of "Natchez Trace" or "Notchey Trace" was the one which has survived. The many notched trees marking the route were responsible for part of the name; and the word trace is French for track or line of foot-prints.

In 1800 the Federal Government set out to improve the trail and make it into a "post road." Soon it was dotted with taverns—and

robbers—waiting to attack unwary travellers.

The sturdy boatmen were generally well able to fend for themselves. With their long, matted hair and bearded faces, they were more than tough. Yet many of them failed to survive the 500-mile trip from New Orleans to Nashville, even when they could afford to buy a horse for the journey. Floods, hurricanes, and disease all took their toll.

BOASTFUL BOATMEN

The boatmen were a boastful lot, given to making wild claims. According to them, they thought nothing of "wading the Mississippi," or of "leaping over the Ohio River." But the journey was a tough one, even with a horse. Often it would be necessary for a traveller to improvise a raft to take him over a flooded river, letting his horse swim across after him. And the treacherous mud of the swamps was ever waiting to trap man or mount who strayed off the path.

Those who survived each dangerous stage of this long journey had still to contend with the knives and guns of the robbers, who thought nothing of attacking a boatman for the sake of the little money he had collected in New Orleans. Hostile Indians added to the risks.

Because of the many perils of the journey, many wagers were



They call it a nursery slope

At Capel Curig, in the Snowdon country of North Wales, the Central Council of Physical Recreation has a course for rock-climbers. It also includes map-reading and camping, but the spectacular part comes when the novice, dangling on the end of a rope, tries to scramble up what is called a nursery slope—just for beginners—as seen here.

RAILWAY HALT MADE FOR TWO

Two children have had a special railway halt built for them on the Whitby-Malton line between Sleights and Grosmont. They are Michael Gross and Lynn Scales, both five years old, who live on farms in a lonely part of Eskdale, and so getting them to school has been a problem. Now the special halt is being built for them from disused railway buildings.

The North Riding Education Committee is contributing £150 to the total cost.

WEATHER BY PHONE

Londoners can now telephone for seaside weather forecasts. By dialling WEA 5511, they can hear the forecast for Sussex. WEA 4411 brings the outlook for the Kent coast and on WEA 3311 that for Essex. The London forecast can still be heard on WEA 2211.

LAKE VANISHES

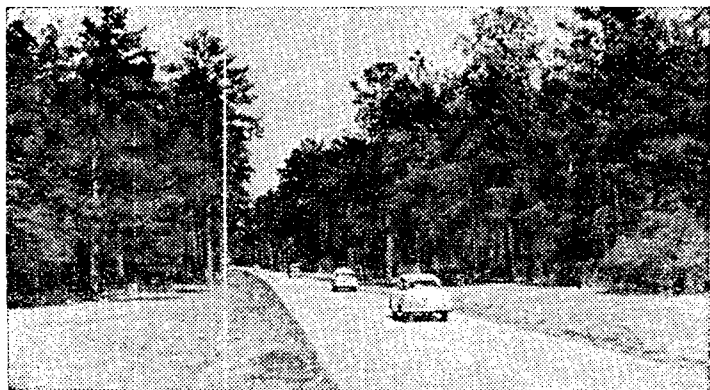
New Zealand has lost one of its many lakes, which vanished overnight, and no one knows how or where.

The lake, a comparatively small one, between 85 and 90 feet deep, was situated on a sheep station in the hill country of Hawke's Bay, in North Island.

It vanished just before a slight earthquake was felt in the area and presumably a temporary fault, or crack, opened underneath it. There was no trace of the water nor did the nearby streams increase in volume.

made against a man's ability to travel the journey home within a specified time limit, or of racing the post rider to Nashville. The hardy rivermen usually walked home in about 21 days, covering about 25 miles a day—no mean task on the Natchez Trace. And one of them, called "Walking Johnson," actually beat the mail-carrying post rider three times.

The new road follows closely the route of the original trail, and when it is finished what is now left of Natchez Trace will finally be obliterated. But the story of the bold flatboatmen will linger on.



A section of the new Natchez Trace in Mississippi



Springclean for Mousetown

The popular Children's Zoo at the Crystal Palace has a new look for the new season. This picture was taken when two of the hostesses were putting a fresh coat of paint on the tiny buildings of Mousetown.

75 YEARS OF GOOD WORK

The Church Army's fine achievement

When supporters of the Church Army come to London next week for the 75th Anniversary Meeting, they will recall with gratitude all that is owed to a "delicate young business man" who never ceased helping other people right up to the day of his death in 1942—at the age of 95!

The firm friend of Scouts and Guides, prisoners and tramps, rich and poor alike, Wilson Carlile, who founded the Church Army in 1882, sacrificed his wealth and business career, and went out into the streets and prisons as a humble priest announcing the Good News that *everybody* matters to God.

Before long the Church Army was helping prisoners to get on their feet again, to become useful citizens on leaving gaol. Hostels were opened all over Britain where tramps might feed and do some honest work. Homes were opened for motherless children, for old people, for the gravely handicapped.

Today the Church Army can claim to have built 1000 flats and houses as part of the great drive to help slum clearances.

ARMY IN GREY

Many young people meet some of the 230 captains and 330 trained sisters belonging to this Army in grey by joining the troops of Scouts and Guides affiliated to the Church Army; others again know them best through the columns of Crusaders who each summer travel to some seaside resort, winning friends all the way.

You will find the Church Army in action too in Nairobi and in the West Indies, in North America—and in our new towns. Service men are familiar with their work—and so are the toddlers in L.C.C. nursery schools.

For in the Church Army's home

in Brixton you can find a victim of acute poliomyelitis who has mastered the craft of making skittles. Each week he makes fourteen sets, each of the nine in a set being painted with a different design of his own creation. They are bought by the L.C.C. for use in London schools.

That is why so many remember with affection the "youngster" of 95 who never stopped helping other people. And today under the wise guidance of his grandson, the Rev. E. Wilson Carlile, the good work continues; and it continues with the same guiding principle: that in the sight of God, *everybody* matters.

Wheels round the world



Catherine Rimmer of Southport, Lancashire, proposes to cycle round the world, starting with only £30 and earning her living as she goes. Her first stop for a job will be Bologna, in Italy.

Concerning cheques

CN Political Correspondent

THE question of those useful pieces of paper—cheques—is now before Parliament.

Most of us have (or have had) uncles and other relatives who can be relied on for a "tip" when a birthday comes round. It may be in shillings or bank notes, savings stamps, or cheques.

How nice to have someone give us a nice fat cheque! But what a complicated life a cheque leads.

For instance, if our relative is rich enough to afford a cheque for an amount higher than £1 or £2, you have to ensure that it is "open"—that is, that it is not "crossed" with two lines enclosing the words "and Co."

YOUR BANK ACCOUNT

An open cheque can be cashed right away across the counter of an accepted bank. But a crossed cheque must be paid into your bank account, and if you are too young to have one you have to ask somebody else to cash it for you.

Few people, of course, make out a crossed cheque to others who have no bank account. But suppose you do have a bank account and somebody pays you a crossed cheque.

To pay it into your bank account you first have to "endorse" it. In other words, if your name is John Smith you have to sign "John Smith" once on the back of the cheque.

PROPER ENDORSEMENT

But if the cheque is made out wrongly—say to John Smyth—you have to write "John Smyth" on the back and then your proper name—"John Smith."

This system of "endorsement" has grown up through long years of good banking practice and we have come to accept it.

Some M.P.s are now raising doubts about it. A special committee has reported expertly on the system. Now a private Member's bill—the Cheques (No. 2) Bill—is before Parliament.

Its main object is to abolish the necessity of endorsing a cheque in the circumstances mentioned above. The Bill has its opponents, who believe the present system to be founded on commonsense.

REFORMING THE SYSTEM

The sponsors, notably Mr. Graham Page, whose No. 1 Bill on the same subject did not get through Parliament in the 1954-55 session, think the endorsement system has grown so enormously that it should be reformed.

With this view, in broad terms, the Government agrees. It is not so bad, of course, when you pay one cheque into one account. But today about 95 per cent of all the trading transactions in Britain are settled by cheque.

About 78 million cheques are drawn every year. Bank clerks have to turn over each cheque to confirm the signature, and about 13 million times a year cheques have to be returned because they have been wrongly endorsed.

News from Everywhere

Britain now exports about nine million pairs of shoes a year.

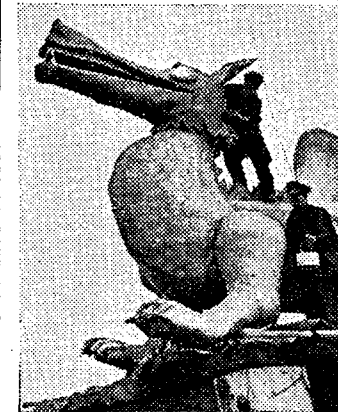
A salmon ringed in a Scottish river has been caught in Greenland, 1700 miles away.

MORE TOE-ROOM

Special socks with extra room for the big toe are now being produced for children. Doctors say that ordinary socks often distort children's feet.

An electronic device which can read printed characters at the rate of 120 a second has been invented by a British firm.

Seen at Southend



A ferocious-looking monster, a sea-serpent with a dragon's head, has taken up position close to Southend's famous pier. It is to be one of the attractions for the coming season.

New streets in Saltcoats, Ayrshire, are to be named Ellisland, Mossiel, Jean Armour, Lochlea, Carrick, and Doon, after places or people associated with Robert Burns. The poet himself was born in Ayrshire.

A tiny helicopter which can be strapped onto a man's back is being built for the U.S. Navy. It flies at 75 m.p.h.

ANT MENACE

An invasion of fire ants from Argentina is threatening agricultural production in nine southern States in America. The ants are building 60 or 70 mounds to the acre, making it impossible to cultivate the land. They get their name from their burning sting.

A fire that has been burning in a coal seam in Co. Durham since 1926 has just gone out. The area has been sealed off all these years, but air from the surface has kept the fire alight.

New Zealand's champion sheep-shearer, Mr. Godfrey Bowen, is to give a series of demonstrations at agricultural shows in Britain this summer—at Belfast, Dundee, Norwich, and Aberystwyth.

SEEN NOT HURT

A Mind that Child road safety poster in Scotland bears a picture of a child and the words "Seen not Hurt"—a variation of the old-fashioned saying, "Children should be seen but not heard."

Will you taste
chocolates for
CADBURYS?

Your friends will recognize you as a Cadbury Taster by your Official Badge

Official Cadbury Chocolate Tasters eat and report on chocolates every month. They are very important people; from their reports Cadburys can judge which flavours are most popular

HOW TO BECOME A CADBURY TASTER

On the coupon are pictures of three famous Cadbury Snacks (delicious chocolate biscuits) numbered 1, 2 and 3. Which of these three chocolate biscuits do you like best? In the spaces provided on the coupon, write the numbers of the three chocolate biscuits in the order you would place them. Next give the reason *why* you like best the chocolate biscuit you have put as your first choice. Then fill in your name, age and address, cut round the dotted line, and send the completed coupon, together with any Cadbury label, in a sealed envelope stamped with a 2½d stamp, to 'Tasters', CADBURY BROTHERS

LIMITED, DEPARTMENT 23, BOURNVILLE, BIRMINGHAM, to reach Cadburys by May 21.

If the order in which you have put the three chocolate biscuits is the one chosen by the majority of entrants, and if the reason for your first choice is judged to be a good one, you will be officially appointed a Cadbury Taster. You will receive the Cadbury Taster Badge and the first of six monthly selections of Cadbury's Chocolate.

If you are not one of the lucky 1,000 this month, you will have another chance next month to become a Cadbury Taster.

My first choice is No.			
My second choice is No.	1 Shortcake Biscuit Snack	2 Wafer Snack	3 Chocolate Sandwich Snack
My third choice is No.	I like chocolate biscuit No. best because		
SURNAME..... CHRISTIAN NAME.....			
ADDRESS.....			
AGE.....			
Only boys and girls under 16 living in Great Britain or Northern Ireland can be Cadbury Tasters			

The Children's Newspaper, May 4, 1957

WILLIAM BLAKE'S NOTEBOOK

A great literary treasure has been bequeathed to the British Museum by an American lady, Mrs. Frances White Emerson of Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is no less than the notebook used by the poet William Blake from 1787 to about 1818.

This notebook contains rough drafts of many of his most famous poems, such as *The Tiger*, as well as pencil sketches for designs that afterwards adorned his works.

Valued a few years ago at £8230, and certainly worth far more now, it is a magnificent gift indeed. Strange to think that in 1847 Dante Gabriel Rossetti bought this notebook for ten shillings!

Long-distance ducks

A grey teal duck ringed in Victoria early last year was found in the Northern Territory 1600 miles away more than 13 months later.

The flight is all the more remarkable when it is realised that the direct route from Melbourne to Daly Waters, south of Darwin, is across dry country with very few streams. The duck had probably flown more than twice the distance by following the line of water-courses and lakes on its northward trip.

Another duck ringed at the same time was found in Boulia, Queensland, 1000 miles away to the north.

C N Competition Corner

5 WATCHES TO BE WON!

At this time of year most creatures have occupied—or are busily preparing—the homes where they will spend the summer. To try to win one of the five "Timex" Wrist-watches offered in this week's C N Competition, you are simply asked to use your powers of observation and say which animals, birds, or insects live in the eight "homes" illustrated below.

To help you, we tell you that all the correct answers are included in the following list:

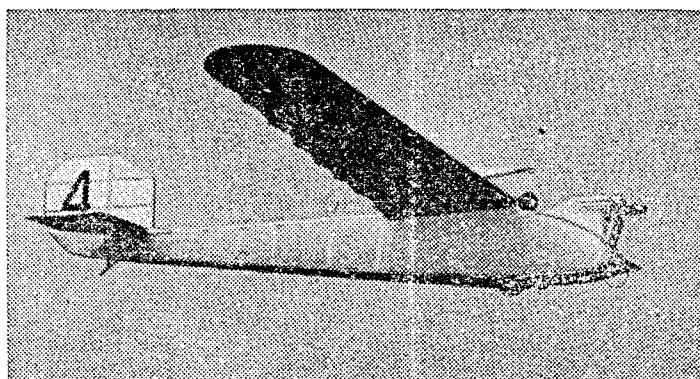
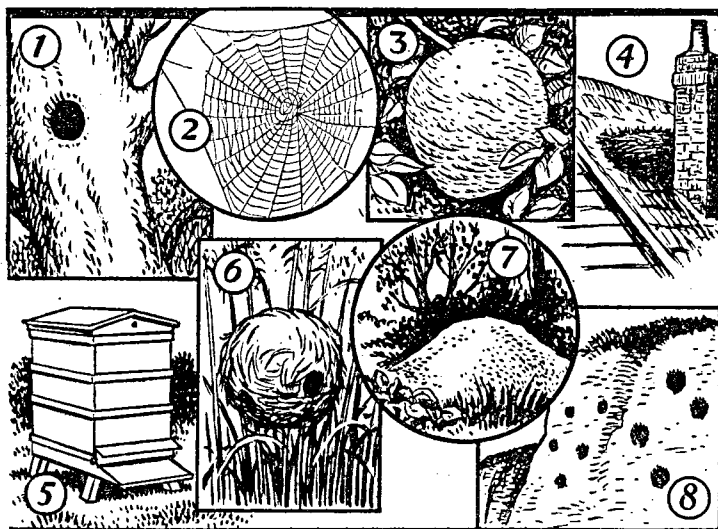
Rat, Sand Martin, Field Mouse, Spider, Ant, Honey Bee, Badger, Wasp, Rabbit, Harvest Mouse, Snake, Stork, Woodpecker.

Make a neat numbered list of your answers on a postcard or piece of plain paper, then add your full name, age, and address. Ask a parent or guardian to sign the entry as being your own unaided work, then cut out and attach the competition token (marked C N Token) from the back page of this issue. Post to:

C N Competition No. 14,
3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

to arrive by Tuesday, May 14, the closing date.

Wrist-watches will be awarded for the five entries which are correct or most nearly so, and the best written (or printed) according to age. Book Tokens for the ten next best efforts. The Editor's decision is final.



It flies 100 miles to the gallon

A veteran of the air, originally flown in 1922, is the Wren which can fly 100 miles on one gallon of fuel. It has a 398 c.c. flat twin motorcycle engine and has been rebuilt in the same hangar as the P.1, the fastest British fighter.

Where to find the comet

The comet Arend-Roland should now be seen as soon as the sky is dark, appearing high in the north-west above the bright star Capella between 9 and 10 o'clock. The comet is travelling eastwards, and its brilliance will be rapidly diminishing as it speeds away from the Earth and the Sun.

G. F. M.

AMONG THE STONES

A 4000-year-old stone axe, found by 17-year-old Peter Wright when he was clearing a field of stones at Lacey Fields Farm, Langley, Derbyshire, has been presented to Derby Museum. Tests have shown that the axe was probably made in a Stone Age axe factory in the Lake District.

FOR THE YOUNG POLITICIAN

Every young student of politics and world affairs will welcome a reference book called *The New A B C of Civics*, by Hebe Spaul (Rockliff, 10s. 6d.). In alphabetical order, it explains terms which constantly crop up in reports of Parliamentary, municipal, diplomatic, and other official affairs.

For example, there is the word Kangaroo in House of Commons procedure. It refers to a method of ending a long-drawn-out debate. "Guillotine" is the word for an alternative method. Most of us know what is meant by Ballot, but Test Roll would stump some people. It is the book in which new M.P.s must sign their names after taking the Oath of Allegiance.

Words and abbreviations used in international affairs are also well explained by Hebe Spaul. An example of these is the oft-recurring expression, protocol. This, among other things, may be an addition to a treaty or a minor treaty in itself.

Explanations of many other terms make *The New A B C of Civics* a book for the use of senior pupils in every school library.

Youth hostel scholarship

Some interesting experiences lie ahead of Mr. W. H. Whittaker of Newport, Monmouthshire. He has won a scholarship awarded by the American Youth Hostels Association, and this means that he will go to the U.S. for two months, and later may lead a young party of Americans on a two-month tour of Wales and other parts of Britain.

The scholarship was awarded for physical fitness, ability to lecture on Welsh hostelling, knowledge of a second European language, and experience with young people.

MECHANICAL HEART

One of the latest developments in surgery, the so-called mechanical heart, was recently used in Australia for the first time, to save the life of a six-year-old boy. His heart was stopped for eleven minutes while surgeons corrected a defect that threatened his life, and the mechanical heart kept the patient alive.

The operation was successful, and the change in the boy's health is reported to be amazing.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD

Strange relic in the news

One of England's most astonishing relics, the actual head of Oliver Cromwell, came into the news the other day with the announcement of the death of Canon Wilkinson of Woodbridge, Suffolk. He was the owner of this strange relic, which he kept in a locked oak box in his study. He would often show it to visitors, and it is now to pass to his son, Dr. Horace Wilkinson, of Kettering.

The head is not just a bare skull. Oliver Cromwell's body was embalmed, and so the head still has hair and teeth clinging to it, and there is even a trace of the mole he had on his right eyebrow. The spike on which his head was exposed by his enemies, nearly 300 years ago, is still embedded in it.

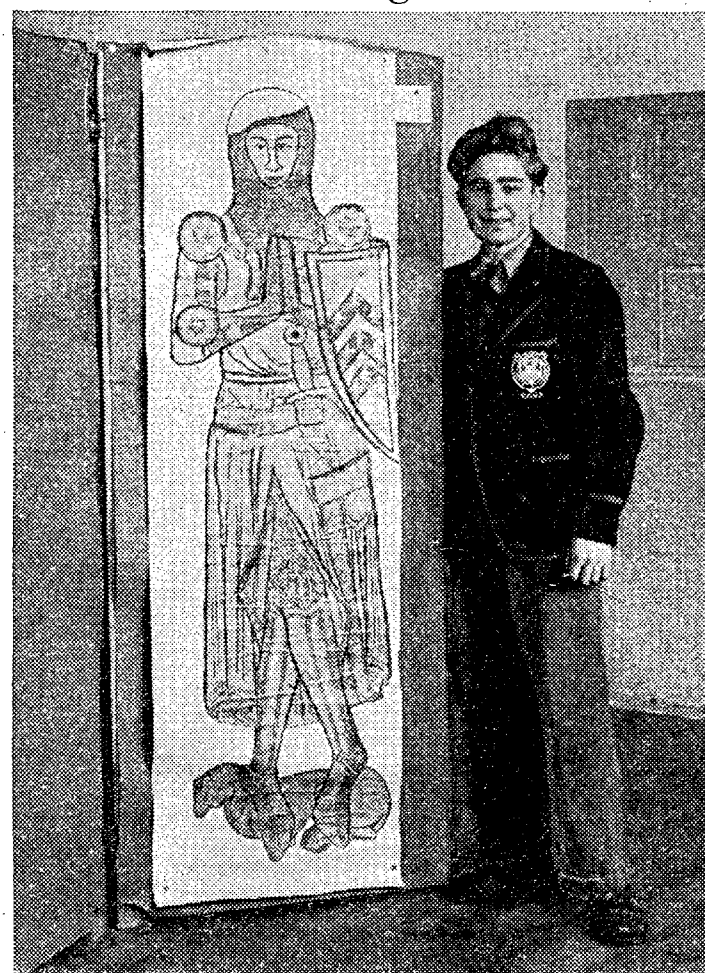
How the great Protector's head has been preserved down to our times is truly an amazing story—and a gruesome one. He was buried with magnificent pomp in 1658, but less than two years later came the Restoration of Charles II, and in January 1661 Royalist

fanatics tore Cromwell's body from his grave, dragged it on a sledge to Tyburn and there hanged it, together with the corpses of Henry Ireton and John Bradshaw.

At sunset their heads were severed and Cromwell's was later set up on the roof of Westminster Hall. There the embalmed head remained for some 25 years, and is believed to have been blown down in a gale and then picked up by a sentry or perhaps by a passer-by.

After being hidden for a long period, it was sold to a member of the Russell family, into which Cromwell's youngest daughter had married. Later it was acquired by an actor who, in 1787, sold it for public exhibition to James Cox, a London jeweller. Cox sold it to a syndicate of three people, the last of whom, a lady who was apparently superstitious about the relic, gave it to her doctor, Dr. Josiah Wilkinson, of Shortlands, Kent, and it has been in the possession of the family ever since.

Portrait of a knight in armour



In many of our ancient churches monumental brasses—brass plates let into the stonework and engraved with an effigy of the deceased—can still be seen. They date from the 13th century onwards. By a process known as brass rubbing, in which a sheet of paper is laid on the brass and rubbed with wax, the effigy can be beautifully reproduced.

Malcolm Greenwood, of Brightlingsea, Essex, has taken up this hobby, and here he is with a

rubbing of the brass on the tomb, in Pebmarsh Church, North Essex, of Sir William Fitzralph, who died about 1320, a hero of the Scottish wars under Edward I. He is seen lying down in death with his legs crossed to show that he went on a Crusade or else performed some other service to the Church. After making his rubbing Malcolm outlines it in Indian ink, with the correct colours for the shield, and then removes the wax with spirit.

ERNEST THOMSON WRITES ABOUT RADIO AND TELEVISION PERSONALITIES AND PROGRAMMES

Songs and history

TEX RITTER belongs to the tribe of singing cowboys, but in his new series in the Light Programme at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoons, starting May 5, he is to mix history with the melody. He will tell the story of Texas and the growth of the cattle trade, and how his native State survived under six different



Tex Ritter

Copyright: Capitol Records

flags. Titles of the weekly instalments include Hide and Horn, On the Trail, and The Last Round-up.

The Ramblers Vocal Group, also taking part, are an Irish quartet. Like the Sons of the Saddle, who will supply the instrumental music, they were heard throughout the Riders of the Range series.

ACTOR RUNS A STALL

Shaun O'Riordan has two strings to his bow

SHAUN O'RIORDAN, who is playing Ginger in the current ITV Children's serial, David Flame—Secret Agent, is, besides being an actor, a stall-holder at London's Portobello Market, near Ladbroke Grove.

His experiences in the market came in handy the other day when the scene in the serial was an Eastern bazaar. Not only was Shaun able to supply the right setting for street trading, but he added an authentic Eastern touch, too. Though his parents were born in London, business took them to Ceylon when he was a baby, and he spent his school-days there.

When I talked to Shaun at rehearsal last week, he told me that acting was keeping him so busy that he was having to neglect the market stall. Luckily he has the



Shaun O'Riordan, on the right, is seen here with John Fabian and Charles Laurence in David Flame—Secret Agent

help of two friends, actors like himself.

"Our trade is mainly antiques

and old silver," he said. "Stall-keeping is a wonderful standby when acting jobs are scarce!"

Soccer's great day

BBC radio and TV will cover the entire Cup Final next Saturday between 2.30 and 5 p.m. Besides the match, viewers will see a special Sportsview film report showing how Manchester United and Aston Villa reached Wembley. Afterwards the cameras will show the presentation of the Cup and Medals by the Queen and Prince Philip.

May Day trip down the river

A MONTH ago I was able to give news of BBC plans for a TV helicopter trip down the Thames. Producer Peter Webber's excursion this Wednesday night improves on the original scheme, for the programme will combine the overhead picture with camera shots from the launch Zodiac. Viewers will travel in company with a merry launchful of river

folk from Bermondsey—dockers, lightermen and their families—celebrating May Day afloat.

Two cameras will be on board the launch on its cruise up river from Cherry Garden Pier to Westminster and back to Greenwich. Meanwhile the TV-equipped helicopter will "shoot" the launch from overhead and also take viewers on a panorama flight along the Thames and over the docks.

Given good weather, the launch should make a pretty sight as it draws in to the Angel, a famous Rotherhithe inn with a balcony overlooking the river. Two TV cameras set up there will show the Mayor of Bermondsey introducing some river folk.

Radio and TV studios open their doors

ALTHOUGH a great many people have been in sound radio and TV studios at some time or another, how many have ever explored the mysteries of the transmitters?

The BBC copied the idea of Navy Week, in which warships are open to the public, by inviting visitors to tour the new TV station at Crystal Palace, London, and the high-power sound station at Droitwich, Worcestershire.

More open days are planned for other sound and TV stations. At Broadcasting House I was told stations on the forthcoming visiting list will be announced shortly.

Make-up girl



ALL sorts of TV characters have to be "created" by make-up artists, and at Ealing Studios the BBC has a make-up school. Here we see one of the students, Ann Hely of Cobham, putting the finishing touches to a "coal-black mammy."

Swotting up on Jane Austen

HAVE you ever thought of contesting the 64,000 Question on ATV? If so, it is worth remembering that you can't take too much trouble swotting up your chosen subject.

Lady Cynthia Asquith, who recently entered for questions on Jane Austen, first compiled a cross-reference book of all the characters in Jane Austen's stories, their clothes, the quotations connected with them, whom they met, where they met them, and so on. She also re-read all the novels, memorising as she went along.

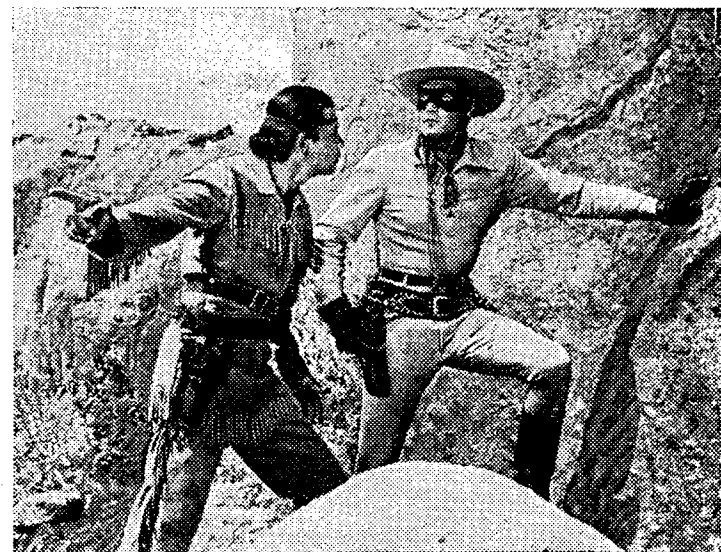
The Lone Ranger may not ride

THE Lone Ranger is now such an established figure in BBC Children's TV that it should take something out of the ordinary to dislodge him. I hear that this could happen on Saturday if the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley requires extra time.

Instructions have been given to the programme staff that Saturday's instalment, entitled Help for

Hannah, would have to stand over until next week rather than disappoint football fans in the final stages of the contest between Manchester United and Aston Villa.

But don't worry about the future of the Lone Ranger. His exploits with his pal Tonto are so popular that the series will certainly carry on until well into the summer.



Jay Silverheels and Clayton Moore as Tonto and the Lone Ranger

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MAY WE RECRUIT YOU?

Ever thought of joining the ranks of the B.H.L.?—an association of young people who wear a SPECIAL BADGE of membership and aim to spread happiness amongst children less fortunate than themselves. Post coupon for details of how you can win a SHORT-SERVICE BADGE and POCKET KNIFE.

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To: The Secretaries, B.H.L.,
Stepney Causeway, London, E.1
Please tell me about Badge, etc.

Name

Address

8 School..... Age....

BEHIND THE SCENES AT WEMBLEY

Manchester United and Aston Villa will be battling for the F.A. Cup on Saturday, and 100,000 fans will be at Wembley Stadium to cheer them, while millions more are following the game on television and radio.

Cup Final Day is the greatest of all days in the soccer calendar, but like most great days it demands a vast amount of organisation and preparation that the public never sees. It was to give our readers some idea of all the work involved that the C.N. Sports Editor paid a visit to Wembley the other day—to a silent, deserted Wembley, strangely different from what it will be on Saturday. And this is his report on what he saw behind the scenes.

ONE hundred thousand cheering fans will be watching the F.A. Cup Final on Saturday, but the people who issued them their tickets and arranged the seating will not be among them until almost half-time.

Throughout the morning of the match and long after the kick-off there will be a steady stream of people at the box office. Some will have lost their tickets, or will have left them behind; others will produce mutilated tickets and want them exchanged. It is the same every year.

On one occasion a man who

had unfortunately dropped his ticket in the fire brought along the charred remains carefully preserved in a match box; and another brought along tattered remnants of a ticket rescued from his dog!

Each case has to be thoroughly investigated by the box office officials and security police before a duplicate ticket can be issued and the bearer conducted to his seat.

"Yes, they certainly keep us busy," said Mr. Fred Jackson, the box office manager. "Even so,

we manage to get a good idea of how the game is going. You see, the supporters of the two clubs concerned are grouped together at each end of the ground. And when a goal is scored, believe me, the noise that goes on over our heads leaves little doubt as to which side has scored!"

The job of answering letters and calls from would-be ticket holders keeps Mr. Jackson and his staff busy the whole year round. Within a few weeks of one Cup Final applications start coming into the box office for the next one. And they come from all parts of the world.



Wembley Stadium as it will be on Saturday. Inset: the F.A. Cup

In point of fact, the Wembley authorities have nothing to do with the allocation of tickets. That is done by the Football Association, who assign the tickets to the clubs in the Football League and to all the affiliated clubs, including those minor teams whose dreams of playing on Wembley's famous turf are shattered in the early qualifying rounds.

MOWER PATTERN

The man in charge of the green turf is the head groundsman, Percy Young. As I walked across the ground to meet him the pattern made by the mower was as straight as a line of guardsmen. Even the hosepipe sending out misty sprays of water from dozens of sprinklers, stretched across the pitch in a perfectly straight line.

Mr. Young will certainly be watching the game on Saturday, but much of his attention no doubt will be directed to the pitch. Shortly after the game is over, he will be out on the ground with his staff, bringing fresh seed or fresh soil to heal any scars in that wonderful smooth, green turf.

FINISHING TOUCHES

As the day of the match draws near activity at Wembley Stadium becomes intense. Groundsman Young and his staff put the finishing touches to the pitch—cutting the grass, marking the lines, checking the posts and goal netting. An army of men instal 22,000 extra seats and make various other alterations—just for the great day.

On the day before the match the box office staff will check and re-check all ticket issues, and there will be a full-dress rehearsal of commissionaires, turnstile men, car park attendants, and various other officials.

Altogether, the Wembley crowd will be controlled by some 1650 men—250 policemen, 500 Football Association stewards, 400 commissionaires, 500 other staff; and a further 250 car park attendants will handle 3500 cars and nearly 2000 coaches.

Providing food and drink for a multitude is another vast job. In the fourteen buffets around the

Stadium corridors there will be mountains of cakes and pies and sausage rolls, as well as refreshment to quench tens of thousands of thirsty Cup Final throats—30,000 cups of tea alone.

Hoisting the flags on the 54 poles round the high walls at Wembley is another job for the maintenance staff. And one man has to climb one of the domes of the Stadium to break the Royal Standard the moment the Queen enters the ground.

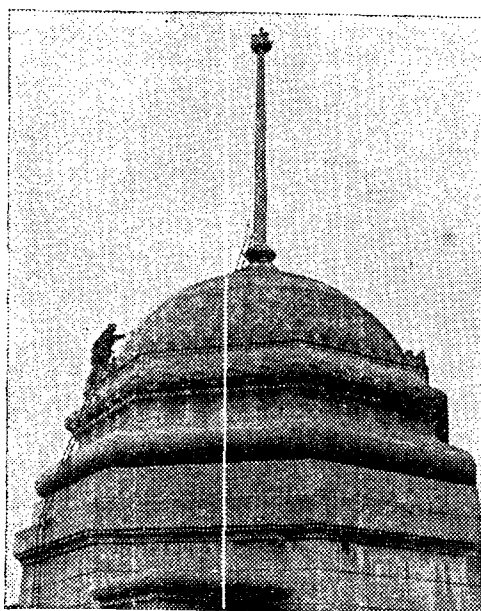
There are also the needs of the Press. The whole world is waiting for news of the Cup Final, and so special accommodation has to be provided for about 200 sports writers. Thousands of words will be sent by telephone and cable to all parts of the world, so Post Office engineers have to be available at a second's call.

In addition, the chief newsreel

companies as well as the TV cameramen have to be accommodated at vantage points.

Finally, there is one job that must never be overlooked, and that is keeping watch to see that no one enters the Stadium unlawfully. Some years ago, for instance, a number of lads tried to tunnel their way into the ground under the turnstiles. Had they tunneled a bit deeper their plan might have succeeded, but the night before the Final an official happened to walk on that part of the ground. The roof of their tunnel collapsed—and so did their scheme.

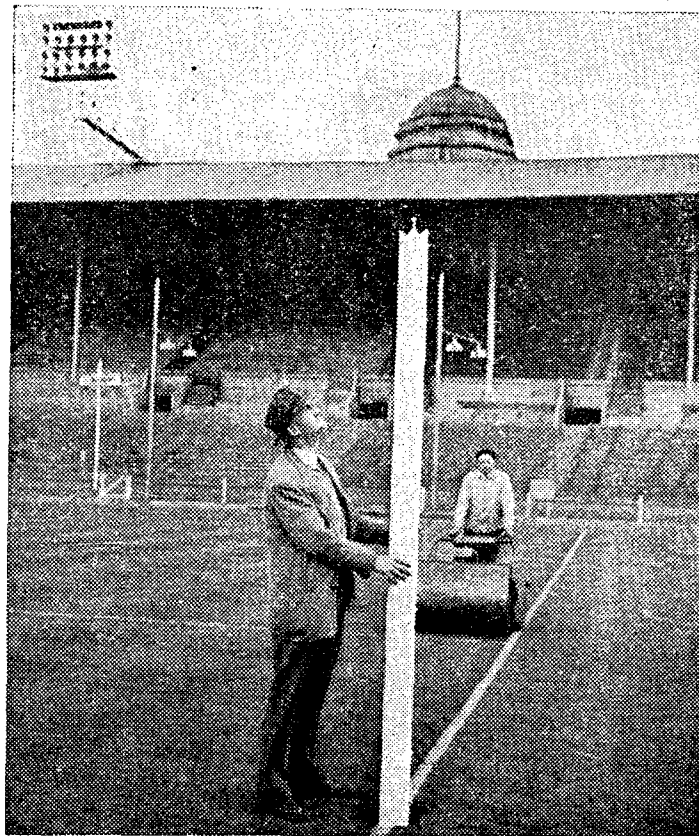
As the crowds stream away from the ground on Saturday the men and women on the Wembley staff will give a sigh of relief. But on Monday the task of preparing for next year's Cup Final will begin all over again.



As the Queen and Prince Philip enter the Stadium the Royal Standard will be unfurled from this dome



Mr. Fred Jackson, the box office manager (left), checks through the issue of Cup Final tickets with one of his staff



Head groundsman Percy Young, who has been at Wembley for 21 years, places one of the goal posts in position.

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars . London . EC4
MAY 4 1957

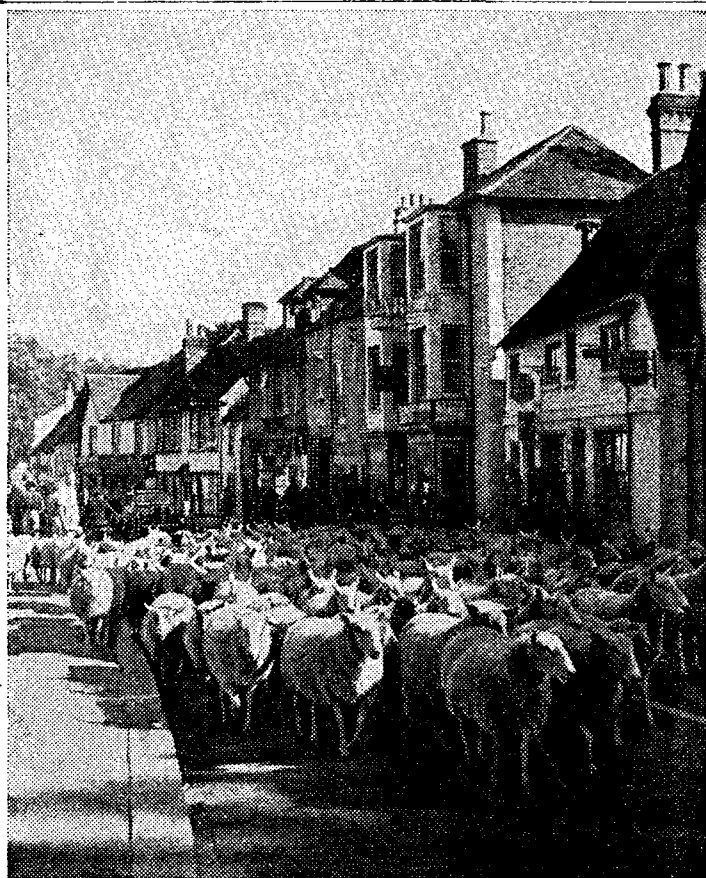
FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST

It is sad to think that the National Trust should be in desperate need of funds. Yet it is true, and as a result the Trust's task of preserving the nation's lovely and historic places grows more and more difficult.

"Our funds are not sufficient for what we have to spend," says the Vice-Chairman, Sir Harold Nicolson; "but for the legacies we receive we should have 'gone bust.'"

For the National Trust is not, as some people imagine, a rich Government department supported by taxation; it depends largely on members' subscriptions. In pointing this out, Sir Harold Nicolson appealed for 40,000 new members, to swell the total to 100,000. Membership costs only £1 a year, and an increase of 40,000 would be just enough to put the Trust firmly on its feet.

Let us hope that the National Trust will get the recruits it needs—not a large number compared with the millions who enjoy the quiet delights of the beautiful and historic places under its wing.



OUR HOMELAND

PIGS IN CLOVER

A LIVELY pig-hunt of the "bring-'em-back-alive" variety took place recently in a market gardening district near Christchurch, New Zealand.

Two young pigs were bought by a farmer and put in their new sty, but no sooner was his back turned than they escaped and made for the luscious acres around them. Grunting merrily they rooted up the crops and gorged to their hearts' content. But the alarm soon spread and indignant farmers with dogs arrived on the scene.

One of the truants was soon caught but his companion was still scampering about when night fell. His free-meals holiday ended next morning when two men with dogs cornered him, and he was carried back squealing to join his brother-truant in the sty.

Think on These Things

IN speaking of the "resurrection of the body" St. Paul uses the illustration of the harvest field. He speaks of the tiny seed, which he describes as one kind of body. And yet this seed develops into a plant with stem and leaves and fruit. The body which will be ours in the resurrection is what St. Paul calls a "spiritual body."

The Christian belief is that our personality continues in this "spiritual body" and that our individuality, or what makes "you" and "me," different from anyone else, survives death, and in the resurrection is given what St. Paul calls a spiritual body, equipped for this new and wonderful life.

O. R. C.

The Editor's Table

Not quite all

FROM a lonely corner of Yorkshire comes the old tale of a farmer about to drive home from market. "Let's see, now," he said to himself thoughtfully, "I've got my sack of meal, and my new fork, and my sheep-salve. I reckon that's the lot."

Slowly he drove off, but once or twice he looked round uneasily and muttered: "Yes, I reckon that's the lot."

At last he drew up at his farm, and there his daughter stared and exclaimed: "Where's Mother?"

High-up job



Maureen O'Higgins of Dorridge, Warwickshire; has been chosen from many applicants for a job as flight hostess with an American air line. She will be trained in Kansas City.

Thirty Years Ago

From the Children's Newspaper, May 7, 1927

A REMARKABLE appliance for use in fires has been supplied to the Leicester Corporation. It is a fire-escape with a ladder 85 feet high, which is fitted for the first time with a telephone for talking from the ground to the firemen at the top. It also comprises a fire pump and a searchlight.

JUST AN IDEA

As Joseph Addison wrote: Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

JUST A FEW WORDS

HERE is an entertaining way to increase your knowledge of words. Each numbered sentence below is followed by three answers or comments you might make; but, in each case, only one is correct and shows that you have understood the meaning of the word in italics. To answer five or six correctly is very good.

Answers are given on page 12

- We were lost in the *labyrinth*.
A—In the maze.
B—In the forest.
C—In the fog.
- His position is *precarious*.
A—He looks comfortable.
B—Likes his job.
C—Might fall down.
- He had a *fatal* accident.
A—It could not be avoided.
B—The man died.
C—Due to carelessness.
- Some creatures are *amphibious*.
A—Like a fish.
B—Can live on land or in water.
C—Can grow new legs.
- Geology* is a useful science.
A—There are riches in rocks.
B—Other nations are worth studying.
C—I do not like maths.
- Your dog looks *timorous*.
A—He is a nervous animal.
B—A foreign breed.
C—Always starting fights.

THEY SAY...

PROSPERITY cannot be had for the demanding: it must be earned.

Mr. Harry Douglas, general secretary of the Iron and Steel Confederation

RELIABLE observers who live in sight of Loch Ness have seen it (the monster) so often that the event no longer excites them.

Seton Gordon
in the Sunday Times

HE repeatedly calls me a tinker, and in Ireland that is the worst name you can call anybody.

An Irishman at
West London County Court

IF you have been in politics, and in international politics, for any length of time, you will find that you have to meet people you don't approve of sometimes.

Lord Attlee

A bird's nest

IT wins my admiration To view the structure of that little work,

A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without! No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut, No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,

No glue to join: his little beak was all— And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand, With every implement and means of art, And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,

Could make me such another?

William Hurdiss

HOLLYWOOD TEA PARTY

QUITE astonishing is the amount of trouble taken by film directors to get the right effect. Take, for instance, the Boston Tea Party scenes in a new Walt Disney film, Johnny Tremain, made at Hollywood.

To represent the tea thrown into the harbour, the director asked for 40 sacks of dyed sawdust. But on being told the cost, he ordered 2000 lb. of real tea; it was cheaper!

It is pleasing to know there was no waste. Tarpaulin behind the replica of the ship (H.M.S. Dartmouth) caught the tea as it was thrown "overboard"!

Out and About

THE wooded lane which follows the boundary of the common took so much of our attention and time that our plan to explore the common itself was postponed.

There were trees as well as a good old-fashioned hedge which had not been ruined by too severe trimming and poisonous spraying of so-called weeds. This made sure that wild flowers and insects would flourish here and, of course, a fine variety of birds had nested.

THE NOISY WREN

From the cloak of ivy around a gnarled oak came high-pitched little voices calling for food, and a female song thrush, with well-filled beak, obligingly appeared at that moment to tell us it was her brood. Other thrushes were singing down the lane—sweet, loud music that drowned smaller voices, except for an invisible wren's.

The wrens will not lay eggs for two or three weeks yet and are free to make the most of their time, feeding and singing. The wren is our smallest bird, except possibly the goldcrest, though he can hold his own so far as loudness is concerned in any bird choir. But his bursts of rapid high notes, though not unmusical, certainly lack the variety of the thrush's song.

LATE BIRD

Another of the many birds in the lane was interesting to see, because it must have recently arrived for the summer. It was a handsome fieldfare, whose small song does not compare with that of his cousin thrush.

Fieldfares are mainly part-time residents. Most arrive every autumn and leave us about now. Others evidently prefer to come in the spring, and leave later than the winter residents.

Our fieldfare was probably one of the late birds preparing to raise a family; he, or she, might already be busy feeding an early brood. (It was probably a she, because the head feathers were brown. Those of the male bird are almost pigeon-grey.)

DISAPPEARING ACT

We saw her flit from the hedge to the common, where heather and grass met. She prodded the ground vigorously a few times and then flew off down the lane, perhaps with a beakful of insects or grubs. She seemed to disappear in the new foliage of a large elder tree. But when we reached it there was no sound of young or sign of a nest. But we could have been misled by her flight, and there may have been a nest in another tree.

On part of the common and in the hedgerow were many large clumps of hawthorn sporting its bright new foliage, and the flower buds seemed only waiting for assurance that there would be no more nipping cold winds if at last they opened.

C. D. D.

The Children's Newspaper, May 4, 1957

NEW FILMS

GREAT NAVAL OCCASION

THE latest British Naval story to be made into a film is the Yangtse Incident, and it is just as much founded on fact as, for instance, The Battle of the River Plate.

The time is 1949, when the Korean war was on and there was civil war in China between Nationalists and Communists. The heroes of the film are the commander and the crew of H.M.S. Amethyst, a British frigate that was

A VERY funny little film called The Smallest Show on Earth is about the difficulties of a young man who is left a provincial cinema as a legacy. When he first gets the news he and his wife are very pleased, for they have visions of a great picture-palace that will mean a lot of money.

The sight of it is a sad shock. It is a broken-down little place by a railway bridge, shaken by every train that goes past. Three of the



Richard Todd as Lieut. Commander Kerans and James Kenney as Lieut. Hett in a scene from Yangtse Incident

steaming up the mighty Yangtse River bound for the Chinese capital, Nanking, one day in April. She was on ordinary duty, with consent of the National Government, when suddenly she was shelled by Communist batteries on the north bank.

There were direct hits on the wheelhouse and the bridge, and many men were killed—including the captain. The Amethyst returned the fire, but soon ran aground.

PRISONER IN THE RIVER

This was when Lt.-Commander Kerans (played in the film by Richard Todd) came overland from the British Embassy at Nanking and took command. He organised the evacuation of the wounded and got the ship afloat again; but she remained a prisoner in the river, cut off from relief and supplies, for more than three months.

All this time, while doing his best to keep up the morale of the crew as they suffered from the intense heat and lack of fresh food, Commander Kerans was negotiating with the local Communist chief, Colonel Peng.

Kerans held out until at last he was able to plan his ship's escape. This is very exciting and full of suspense as the film shows it.

It is a fine film and an absorbing one. There is a huge cast, but the people you are likely to remember best (apart from Kerans himself) are William Hartnell as the humorous coxswain and Akim Tamiroff as the nasty Colonel Peng.

old employees are still there—the old commissionaire (Bernard Miles), who pines for a real uniform, the box-office lady who used to play the piano in the days of silent films (Margaret Rutherford), and the old projectionist (Peter Sellers).

We see how the young couple (Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna) set out to reopen and run the place so that the owner of a big rival cinema will want to buy it from them. Everything goes wrong, but very comically.

Even though it is full of the sort of fun we have seen before, the film is all so well done that no one can help laughing.



Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna, and Peter Sellers, the ancient projectionist, in a scene from the film

Mapping our wild flowers

Amateur botanists—wild-flower lovers, plant-hunters, and rambblers—have begun to work on a busy season mapping the distribution of the plant life of our countryside.

Three thousand observers are tramping Britain's woods and fields, climbing the mountains and exploring the sandhills, in order to record the geography of our plant-life. Half a million of their plant records have already been filed at Cambridge Botanic Garden, and a quarter of a million punched cards automatically enable research workers to find what they want, whether it be about the common daisy or a rare orchid.

The scheme was launched by the Botanical Society of the British Isles because botanists are nowadays more interested in learning the relation between plants and their surroundings—the natural conditions which govern why we find them where we do—instead of merely collecting specimens.

COMPLETE GUIDE

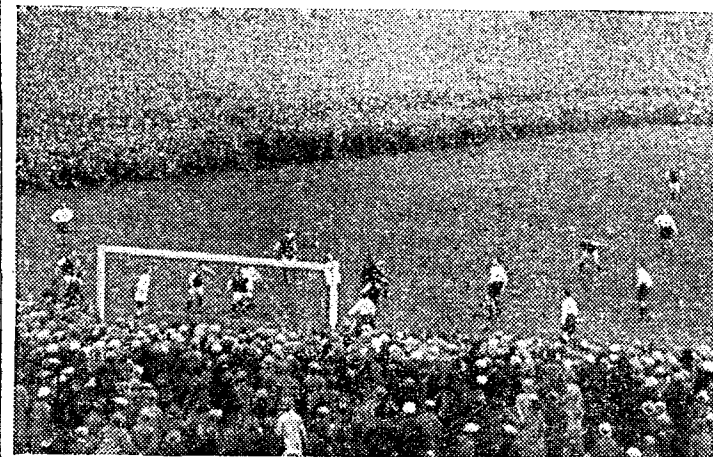
The new interest in "plant-hunting" is pursued by people on their holidays, and to aid this, six leading British botanists are collaborating to produce the first complete guide to the flora of Europe. It is to be in three or four volumes and a dozen languages. At present the student of European plants has to search through at least thirty local books on plant distribution to know where they all grow.

In Britain alone over 2000 species have to be mapped, using each 10-kilometre square of the National Grid marked on the Ordnance Survey maps, and one and a half million records of plants will be made when the scheme is completed.

It is the commoner plants which are most important for the mappers at Cambridge, and for these they rely upon amateurs.

IT HAPPENED THIS WEEK—MAY 4, 1923

TROUBLE AT THE CUP FINAL



The crowds left barely enough room for the game to be played

LONDON—Astounding scenes were witnessed at the vast new Wembley Stadium when 200,000 football fans invaded the ground to see the game between West Ham United and Bolton Wanderers, the first Cup Final ever played there.

The Stadium authorities had boasted that the ground would hold 125,000 spectators, and no one was prepared for the tremendous crowd that arrived.

Long before the kick-off the ground was beginning to fill up, and when the order was given to close the gates nearly 80,000 people were still queueing at the turnstiles, and thousands of ticket-holders were locked out.

The inevitable happened. The gates were stormed. Iron railings were twisted and gave way under the great onrush.

POLICE POWERLESS

As the barriers crashed thousands of late-comers forced an entrance and streamed into the enclosure. Police rushed forward to stem the invasion but were swept aside.

Those who had arrived earlier and had crowded as near to the pitch as possible were now pushed forward by the pressure of the crowds. Within a matter of minutes the crowds began frantically climbing over the fences and jumping on to the pitch to avoid being crushed.

Meanwhile thousands of ticket-holders were struggling in vain to reach their seats, and more people were pouring into the Stadium every minute.

With disaster threatening, reinforcements of police were summoned. They reached the scene just as the King arrived, and by this time the playing arena was so crowded that not an inch of grass could be seen. But a great burst of cheering broke out when the King's arrival was noticed, and the playing of the National Anthem brought everyone to attention. This breathing space gave the police time to marshal the crowd into some order and to clear the pitch.

Among the mounted police was one riding a white horse. He was

Constable George Scorey, and the white horse, silhouetted against the dark background of the milling crowd, was Billy. Constable Scorey did more perhaps than any other person that afternoon to marshal the crowds back to the lines and prevent panic, and from every corner of the vast stadium Billy could be seen gently pressing people back towards the barriers. It was a dramatic scene.

The game started nearly one hour late, and a few minutes after the kick-off the police again had to clear the pitch when more people were pressed forward by the immense crowd.

At half-time the players did not leave the field for fear that they might not be able to regain it, and play began again after a five-minute interval.

Bolton beat West Ham by two goals to nil, and after the King had presented the Cup and the medals, the crowds nearly got out of hand again when leaving the Stadium, fighting their way to the barriers and to the trains.

There were many casualties. Ambulance men attended 1000 people during the afternoon, but fortunately there were few serious cases.

NEW WATERFOWL GARDENS

At the little Northamptonshire village of Peakirk, near Peterborough, the Wildfowl Trust has just opened to the public their new Waterfowl Gardens. These cover eleven acres on the edge of the Fens, and have been attractively laid out, with new ponds, under the direction of Peter Scott and Mr. Johnstone, who is Curator at the Trust's establishment at Slimbridge in Gloucestershire.

It is likely that Peakirk will become the home of the second largest collection of waterfowl in the world, and as the Gardens are easy to reach from Peakirk railway station, should rapidly become popular.

Admission is 2s. 6d. for adults, and a shilling for children under sixteen.

8
NEWS FROM THE ZOO

EXPERIMENT IN NORFOLK

SEVEN reeves (as females of the ruff are known) have just been taken from the London Zoo to the Norfolk marshes. These birds of the sandpiper family will be concerned in an interesting experiment.

"Brought over here from Belgium last autumn," said Mr. John Yealland, curator of birds, "they were left with us for the winter by the Norfolk Naturalists' Trust. Now they are to be released on the Cley Marshes.

"The hope is that these birds will remain in the locality to breed, as they used to do before they took to nesting on the Continent. In the near future a number of ruffs will no doubt turn up on the Cley Marshes from the Continent, and if they pair with our Zoo reeves and nest regularly on the marshes, it will be something of an achievement.

"Bird-watchers will keep an eye on these newly-released reeves, to see that they come to no harm. But they should be able to fend for themselves quite well."

HOUSING SHORTAGE

A "housing problem" has arisen at the Zoo's homing budgerigars' aviary. Recently, 50 nest-boxes were put up and competition for possession of them was so keen that all were soon occupied by nesting pairs. Several pairs of the budgerigars were unable to find homes. So they are now looking round for suitable nesting-places elsewhere in the Gardens.

One pair, both of them green budgerigars, are home-making in a tree in one of the antelope paddocks. From the budgerigars' viewpoint, the site is certainly a good one, for the antelope are not a bit interested in their activities, and it is also inaccessible to visitors.

Officials expect the pair to set up home under ideal conditions. "The only problem the birds may meet is that of feeding their family when it arrives," said Mr. Yealland. "However, the budgerigars' food is put down for them each morning in the back of the aviary, and the parents will no doubt keep flying back there for their meals, and to get food for their young."

A small collection of reptiles purchased from a German dealer is proving an unexpectedly good bargain. The collection comprised two Australian golden tree-frogs, and ten Spotted, or Fire, Salamanders. No sooner had the salamanders been placed on exhibition in the reptile house, than nine baby salamanders were born.

BABIES DOING WELL

"Virtually tadpoles at this stage, they measure $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch each and are doing very well," Overseer R. Lanworn told me. "We are feeding them on water-fleas, and they will remain in the water for about six months. Then they will start coming out onto dry land.

"The adult salamanders are striking-looking creatures, their shiny black bodies being decorated with orange stripes and spots."

Having sent their only cock ostrich, Tyson, to be paired with Whipsnade's hen ostrich, the Zoo has now acquired another of these birds. Hearing of London's shortage, Bristol Zoo offered one of its female ostriches to the society, in exchange for a South American condor.

"We are very glad to secure another ostrich," said a Zoo official. "Tyson was our only representative of the species at Regent's Park, and it did seem rather odd that we should have an ostrich house—but no ostrich!"

Craven Hill



Milk for men with muscles

While training for this year's Royal Military Tournament, in June, men of the Royal Navy team for the field-gun event practise the quick, concerted lifting of heavy weights which is vital in this always most popular feature of the contest. All that energy needs replacing and for this purpose the Navy says there is nothing like milk. So here is the milk being brought along by two Wrens, ready for the moment when the strong men can have a break.

GARDENING IN THE ANTARCTIC

New Zealand's explorers in the Great White South may be doing a bit of gardening in their spare time during the next Antarctic spring. It will be the first attempt ever made there to grow plants out of doors.

Soil collected at Scott Base is being analysed at Wellington to find out if it needs extra ingredients to make plants grow. If so, the necessary additions will prob-

ably be flown to Antarctica in October, and in the same plane will go the plants for the experiment—hardy grass or tussock from the Southern Alps of New Zealand.

Another interesting experiment being carried out is the planting in New Zealand of a sample of the oats found in Captain Scott's old hut, where they had lain for over 45 years.

DREDGER TO CLEAR COAL SITE

A 700-ton suction dredger is being brought over in sections by sea from the Continent to an open-cast coal site at Westfield, a few miles south-west of St. Andrews in Fifeshire.

The plant will be used to clear ten million cubic feet of peat, sand, and silt covering the coal seams. The cleared material will be pumped through a 26-inch pipe to a site specially set aside to receive it.

HEAD LIGHTS

A Bridlington hairdresser has a set of "traffic lights" in his window. If the light is green there is no customer in the saloon, and if amber only one; but if the light is red it means that he is very busy.

FOUNDERS OF A NATION—new picture-version of the Pilgrim Fathers' story (9)



The storehouse fire was extinguished, and the settlers' winter food supply saved. In March 1624 a ship arrived with the first cattle to be imported into New England, a bull and three heifers. On the same ship came trusty Mr. Edward Winslow who, the year before, had gone to England to report on the Colony's progress. He brought back with him a fine supply of goods for the use of the Colonists.



A less desirable newcomer was John Lyford, who turned out to be an unctuous hypocrite. But when he first came ashore, one of the Pilgrim chroniclers recorded, he saluted them "with that reverence and humility as is seldom to be seen; and indeed made them ashamed, he so bowed and cringed unto them, and would have kissed their hands, if they would have suffered him; yea, he wept and shed many tears."



John Lyford was a trouble-maker, in league with people in England who were hostile to the idea of Puritans starting a colony in America. He set about turning the settlers against their leaders, spreading false rumours about them. He found several to listen to him, and instead of the former harmony among the Pilgrims there was, says the chronicler, "nothing but private meetings and whisperings amongst them."



As a result of Lyford's intrigues, a spirit of dissension spread among the settlers. Things came to a head one evening when a man named John Oldham, Lyford's first convert, openly defied Captain Miles Standish who had ordered him to take his turn on sentry duty at the fort—a duty all the men shared. Oldham drew his knife and declared that Standish and the other leaders were traitors to the community.

What will happen if the Pilgrims start quarrelling among themselves? See next week's instalment

The Children's Newspaper, May 4, 1957

Jennings and Darbishire are keen members of the Form 3 Natural History Club. Mr. Carter has discovered Jennings fishing for tadpoles behind the pond at the far end of the school grounds. And noting the boy's dishevelled appearance he has warned him that the pond may be put out of bounds.

2. Jennings makes amends

As they dawdled their way back to the school buildings, Jennings and Darbishire were overtaken by a small group of fellow naturalists returning from a similar expedition in search of specimens. Venables was deep in conversation with his friend Temple, and beside them trotted Atkinson, carrying a cigar box with holes bored through the lid.

"Hallo, you chaps!" Jennings greeted them. "Been doing any famous exploits for the club?"

Venables shrugged. "We tried to, but it was a washout. We started off looking for puss-moths' eggs, only we couldn't find any, so we built a bird-watching shelter instead."

"Good scheme," Darbishire approved.

"Huh! We'd only just got started when the Head came waltzing up and ticked me off for tearing my pullover."

Jennings nodded in sympathy. "We just can't do a thing without someone butting in these days."

By this time the little group had reached the concrete path leading to the rear entrance of the school. On one side was a row of out-buildings comprising the carpenter's shop, the bicycle shed, and two garages where assistant masters kept their cars.

The doors of one garage were open, and the rear end of Mr. Wilkins' old-fashioned red saloon was visible. To the boys of Linbury Court the car was something of a joke. The sight of it parked on the quad or chugging unsteadily down the drive would always call forth some unflattering remark—provided, of course, that the proud owner was safely out of earshot.

As usual, it was Jennings who drew attention to the shortcomings of the vintage model.

"Look at Old Wilkie's ancient old crock! It looks like something that's escaped from the Science Museum," he observed as they drew level with the garage. "I bet it couldn't do a mile in four minutes, not even downhill with the wind behind it! Mind you, it'd be all right as a mobile rabbit-hutch, but as for . . ."

"Jennings!"

The interruption came so unexpectedly that the boy broke off in sudden alarm, his hand flying to his mouth in guilty dismay. For the deep, booming voice belonged to Mr. Wilkins, and it appeared to be coming from



The ever-popular schoolboy in a grand new serial **TAKE JENNINGS, FOR INSTANCE** by Anthony Buckeridge

below ground level, like some angry volcano giving warning of explosions to follow.

The mystery of the ventriloquial voice was solved a moment later when Mr. Wilkins' face appeared beneath the back number-plate of the car: the face was followed by a pair of shoulders as the master eased himself out from beneath the chassis where he had been inspecting the oil level in the rear axle.



The boys in Dormitory 4 hear about the excursion

Jennings went pink with embarrassment and the rest of the group by his side shuffled uncomfortably from foot to foot.

Mr. Wilkins rose to his full height. "Come here, Jennings, you uncouth youth!" he said. "If I hear any more funny remarks from you about my car I shall—I shall . . . Well, there'd better not be any more funny remarks, that's all!"

Revolting collection

"Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir. I didn't mean to—that is, I'm terribly sorry, sir," the boy stammered.

The master glared at Jennings, noting his untidy appearance. Then his glance came to rest upon the half-filled jam jar.

"What's that revolting collection of squirming specimens you've got there?" he demanded.

"Only a few tadpoles, sir," Jennings explained. "Mr. Carter said we could."

Mr. Wilkins tut-tutted like thimbles on a washing-board. "H'm! Well, if Mr. Carter says so, I suppose it's all right," he conceded grudgingly. "But I'm

warning you boys, if they become a nuisance indoors I shall—I shall . . ." Once more he searched his mind for a fitting punishment. Somewhat lamely he finished up: "Well, they'd better not become a nuisance, that's all!"

Mr. Wilkins retired into his garage as the boys moved on past the bicycle shed. This term, for the first time, the headmaster had allowed the boarders to bring cycles back to school, and a number of boys had taken advantage of this concession.

Good news

Jennings was one of the few who had not done so. He had quite outgrown the small bicycle on which he had learned to ride some years before, and had been promised a new and bigger model by his benevolent Uncle Arthur. So far, the expected present had failed to arrive; but as the other boys had had little chance of using their bicycles in the few weeks since term had started, the lack of a machine did not worry Jennings unduly.

The first real opportunity of an excursion a wheel came a few days later. Mr. Carter made the announcement to the boys of Dormitory 4 as they were preparing to bed.

"I'm going to give the Natural History Club a chance to extend their researches farther afield," he told them. "So on Saturday week we shall take a picnic lunch and tea and explore the river valley near Dunhambury."

Shock for Jennings

The news was received with wild enthusiasm.

"Whacko! Just the place for bird-watching," crowed Venables. "We might even be able to do some grass-snake spotting and hedgehog tracking, too."

"Hope we get something decent to eat for the picnic," said Temple, to whom food was always a matter of importance.

"It's too long a journey to undertake on foot," Mr. Carter went on when the excitement had abated. "So I'm afraid this excursion will have to be confined to those of you who own bicycles."

A worried look came into Jennings' eyes. "What happens if you haven't got a bike, sir?" he demanded.

"In that case I'm afraid you won't be able to go."

"Oh, sir!" Alarm and despondency spread across the boy's features. "I must go, sir. I'm chief frog-spotter. Besides, I have got a bicycle. At least, I haven't got it yet, but it's been promised."

Do you think if I wrote and reminded my uncle right away he'd send it in time for the picnic, sir?"

"I've no idea. That's a matter between you and your uncle," the master replied. "Of course, if it doesn't arrive in time there's still a chance that you could beg a lift. Mr. Wilkins has kindly agreed to take the picnic hamper along in his car, and he may have a spare seat to offer."

Jennings' gloom deepened. There would be at least half-a-dozen non-cyclists hoping for a lift and there was small chance that Mr. Wilkins would give a seat in his car to one who had recently passed facetious and unflattering comments about it.

His fears were confirmed when he approached Mr. Wilkins the following morning and made his request.

"Certainly not, Jennings," the master replied. "If you think you can make funny remarks about my car and then expect me to give you lifts all round the countryside, you—you . . . Well, you'd better start thinking again."

Jennings thought again. First of all he wrote a letter to his uncle, reminding him of his promise and pointing out the

urgency of the case. Then he consulted his friend Darbishire on the vexed question of Mr. Wilkins' unhelpful attitude.

"D'you think Old Wilkie would change his mind about taking me if I was frightfully decent to him for a few days? You know, opening doors and passing bread without being asked, and all that sort of thing."

Darbishire looked doubtful. "You could try," he answered, closing the Nature Diary in which he had been recording the news of the Dunhambury excursion. "Unless your famous bike comes in the meantime."

"It's a pity you said his old crock looked like a mobile rabbit hutch—even if it does," Darbishire went on. "Actually, I'm a bit worried about Old Wilkie taking the provisions with him. We shall all be dead from starvation by the time his creaking old self-propelled bulldozer arrives at the picnic."

Winning Mr Wilkins

After some discussion they decided that the best way to win Mr. Wilkins' esteem would be to spend some time in cleaning and polishing the car in preparation for the excursion. "He'd be bound to change his mind when he saw I was really trying to be helpful and make up for everything I'd said about it," Jennings argued.

"He might," Darbishire conceded. "Still, I should wait till a bit nearer the picnic before you get cracking, or he may forget about it. And keep it a surprise, too. Then when he comes out and sees what a nice clean job you've made of it he'll be in the right sort of mood for you to ask him again."

Jennings' good intentions land him in trouble again next week

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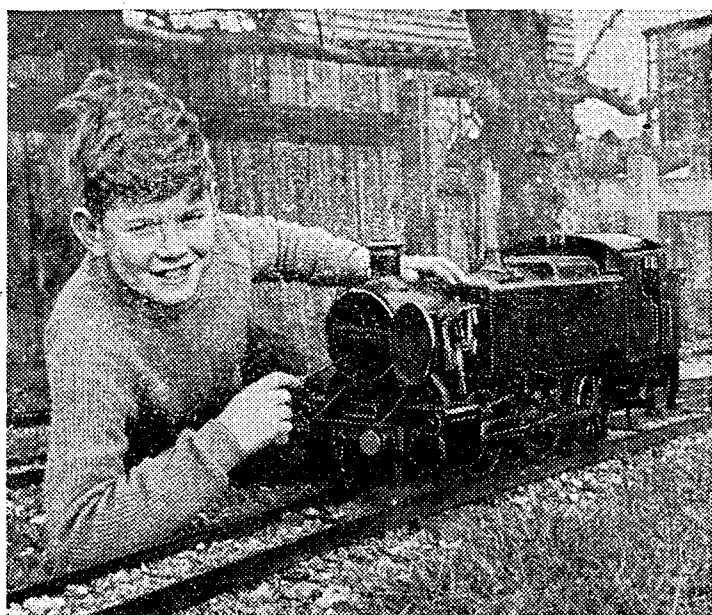
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SPORTS SHORTS

THE world's oldest international athletics match, London v. New York is to be revived at the White City this summer. The two cities last met in 1895. Many of America's Olympic champions are likely to be included in the New York team, and one encounter which will be eagerly awaited is between Tom Courtney and Derek Johnson, first and second in the Olympic 800 metres.

ANOTHER Langridge will be playing for Sussex this year. Eighteen-year-old Richard now follows Father Jim and Uncle John onto the staff. Like his father, Richard is a left-hand batsman, but he bowls right-arm off-spinners.

Like this!



Young Roddy Hancock from Walthamstow, Essex, who was chosen to receive training at Wimbledon, gets instruction on serving from the L.T.A. coach, George Worthington.

THE visiting West Indies cricketers start their official match programme this Wednesday with the traditional opening fixture at Worcester. There should be particular interest in this match, for no West Indies team has ever yet beaten Worcestershire. On Saturday the tourists will be at Northampton.

Polished

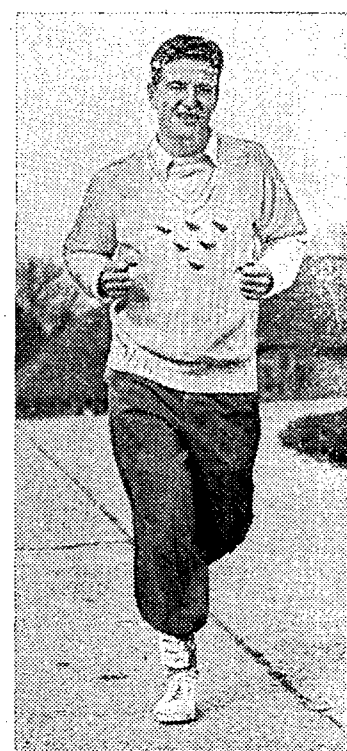
A REALLY "polished performance" was given at the Sophia Gardens Pavilion in Cardiff the other day by the Welsh, Scottish, Irish, and English netball teams. Just before the tournament was due to start it was discovered that the floor had been carefully polished in preparation for the dance which was to follow. Some of the players stuck tape on their shoes and others played in bare feet.

WORLD Cup soccer matches will engage many of our leading players during the next few weeks. This Wednesday Wales meet Czechoslovakia, at Cardiff, and eighteen days later the Welshmen go to Berlin to play East Germany. England will meet Eire, at Wembley, on May 8.

Look out for Mary

MILLFIELD SCHOOL, Street, Somerset, has already produced one of Britain's brightest prospects in field events in Nicholas Head, who has been in the news because of his new javelin-throwing technique. From the same school comes Mary Bignal, 17, who is regarded as likely to develop into our finest all-round athletics performer. Already she has jumped 5 feet 4 inches, long-jumped 18 feet 4½ inches, and run the 80-metres hurdles in 12.3 seconds.

LEWIS JONES, former Welsh international Rugby Union star who became a Rugby League professional a few years ago and now plays for Leeds, has had a remarkable season. In a recent Test match between Great Britain and France, he scored seven goals and a try, and brought his season's points total to 437—beating the previous record of 435 points set up more than 20 years ago by Jim Sullivan of Wigan.



Getting ready

Jim Parks, who had to return from the M.C.C. tour in South Africa because of eye trouble, has now recovered. Here we see him preparing for the new season with a training run.

Cup Final referee

MR. FRANK COULTAS, of Hull, who will referee the F.A. Cup Final on Saturday, thought he had lost his chance of receiving this great honour when he was retired by the Football League last season, having reached the age of 47. But he was granted a year's extension, and Saturday's game may be his last official appointment. A former amateur player with Hull City, he took up refereeing in 1934, after injury forced him to give up playing.

Busy week

ROGER BYRNE, Manchester United's English international captain, is in for a busy week. He is due to take a vital physiotherapy examination two days before the Cup Final.

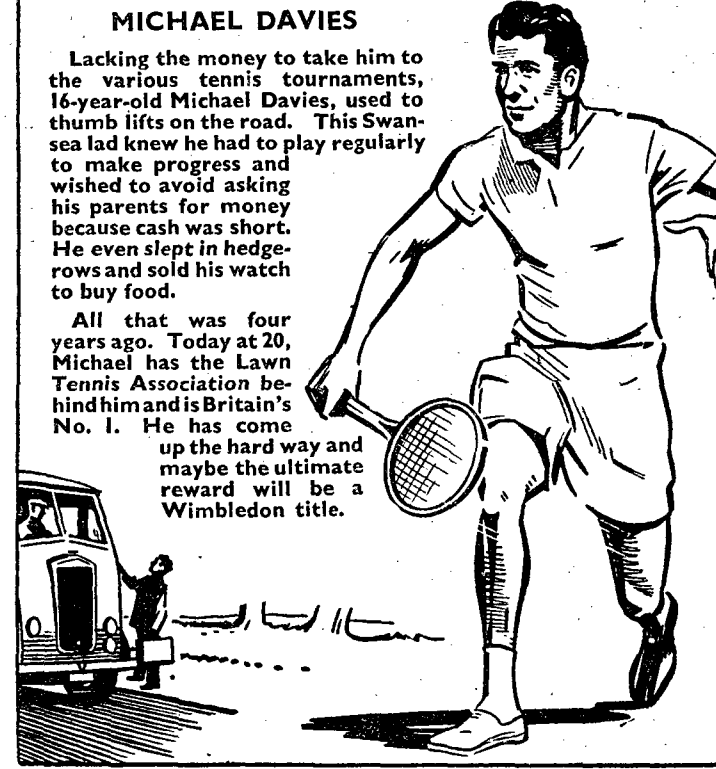
THE London Transport women's cricket team will shortly be taking the field. Most of the players are clippies on London's buses, and they have been taking a special indoor coaching course organised by the Central Council of Physical Recreation.

SPORTING GALLERY

MICHAEL DAVIES

Lacking the money to take him to the various tennis tournaments, 16-year-old Michael Davies, used to thumb lifts on the road. This Swansea lad knew he had to play regularly to make progress and wished to avoid asking his parents for money because cash was short. He even slept in hedge-rows and sold his watch to buy food.

All that was four years ago. Today at 20, Michael has the Lawn Tennis Association behind him and is Britain's No. 1. He has come up the hard way and maybe the ultimate reward will be a Wimbledon title.



The Children's Newspaper, May 4, 1957

IN OLD HONG KONG, CITY OF REFUGE

A CN correspondent home from Hong Kong, writes here of the wonders and miseries of life in this outpost of Britain on the edge of Communist China. Hong Kong is thronged with people who crowd in to buy cheaply in its duty-free warehouses and shops. Its lights glitter, but beneath their glow over 800,000 refugees huddle in the shadow of lean-to homes and shacks built in caves.

SCIENCE IN THE CHURCH

For the first time in nearly 20 years the priest in St. Teresa's Church in Princes Risborough can now be clearly heard by the congregation.

Built in 1938, the church has a big central dome 75 feet above the floor. This caused so many echoes that the words of the priest speaking from the chancel were almost unintelligible. The reverberation continued for as long as seven seconds!

Now the echoes from the roof have been completely stopped by means of "sound columns." These columns, narrow boxes about six feet high, are mounted on the walls of the church.

Each column contains six loud-speakers, one above the other, which project the amplified sounds from the microphone outwards towards the congregation, but not upwards to the dome.

New baby



This baby camel is one of four born at Whipsnade Zoo. They are one of the big attractions for the visitors there just now.

CONCERT TO REMEMBER

The London Junior and Senior Orchestras, under the baton of Ernest Read, are giving a concert at the Royal Festival Hall, London, on Friday, May 24, at 8.0 p.m. The programme includes Schumann's A minor piano concerto and the 4th Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

Special reductions for youth parties are being made, and school-teachers may obtain further information from Mr. C. D. Bartlett, 30 Goldsmith Avenue, Acton, W.3.

From the aeroplane swinging high over Hong Kong harbour, with its scores of small islands, the junks appear minute on the blue waters. A traveller arriving at night gets an unforgettable glimpse of the mounting streets of the city glowing in rows and rows of lights. They mount up to the Peak, where Hong Kong's richest merchants have homes looking out over one of the loveliest scenes in the Far East.

But the scene by day is vastly different, for there are the 800,000 refugees. From a plane swooping over the city the traveller sees little shacks of tin and wood on the flat roofs. Up there is the sun and the air, but every drop of water has to be carried up for washing and drinking, and all refuse and sewage have to be carried down.

HOME IN A CAVE

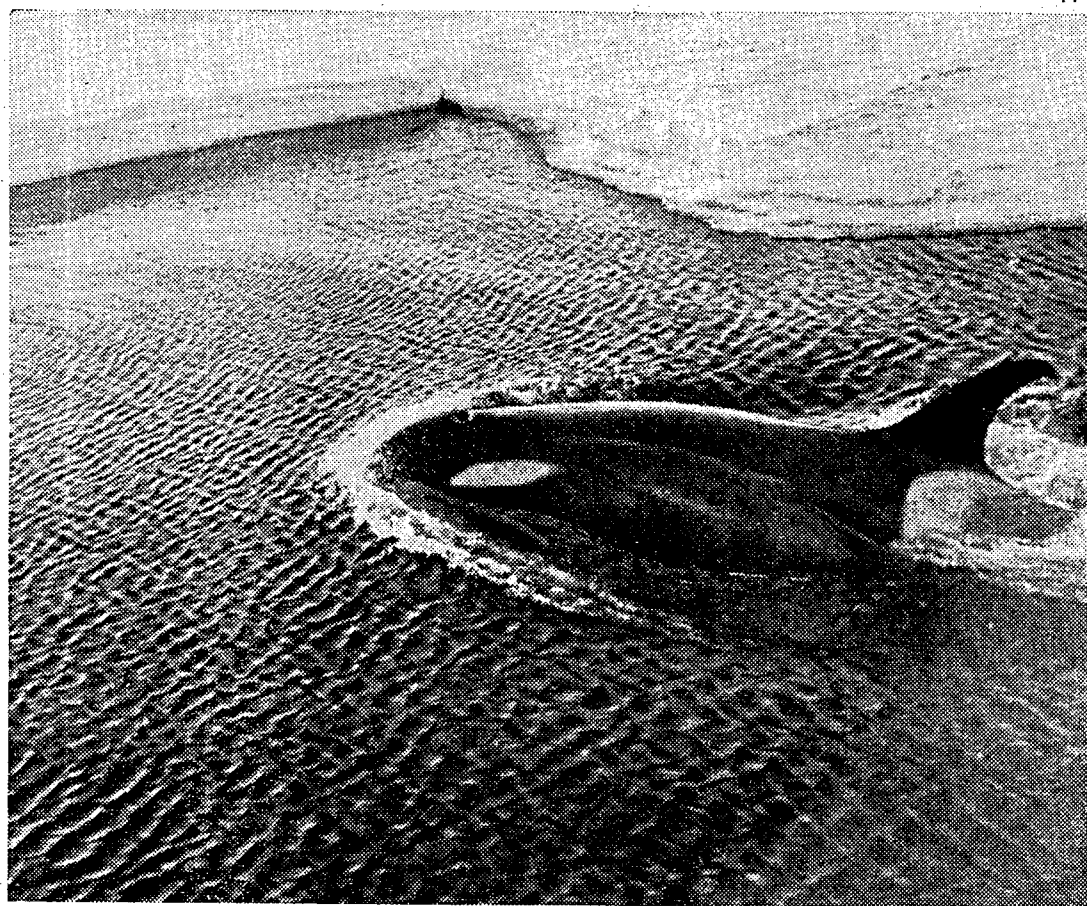
Thousands of other Hong Kong refugees live in the caves with which the neighbouring hillsides are riddled. Most of them are damp and dark, but a few bits of cardboard and a few bits of cloth will make a home of a cave. If that hope is disappointed a third remains. Many of Hong Kong's buildings have extensive "hang-overs" which provide a free roof for hundreds of people by day and by night. Again a little lean-to is quickly run up, and another home appears underneath the shadow of a great warehouse.

For those who cannot find a foothold anywhere in the city itself there is the last resort of the great refugee camp at Rennie's Mill, where a permanent population of refugees is scattered over an area peppered with the queerest assortment of temporary buildings. But for a refugee, to be in Hong Kong itself, whether on rooftop or pavement, is infinitely preferable to life in the camp.

WEALTHY MERCHANTS

Through its narrow winding streets the merchants of the Far East are flooding into Hong Kong today. Every aircraft lands another group of buyers from Japan, Formosa, or the Philippine Islands, for Hong Kong is a duty-free port, and nearly every sort of article is cheaper there than elsewhere in the Far East. Its shops are full of attractive things, and the old-established merchants are growing wealthier still as the tide of trade moves on.

It is this mixture of poverty and wealth that strikes the visitor as he walks about Hong Kong. The crowded streets and shopping places tell of great prosperity. But those little cardboard huts on the rooftops and the pavements tell a tragic tale of homelessness and poverty among the refugees.



Killer on the prowl

This Killer whale was seen at close quarters during the Antarctic voyage of the Magga Dan. Up to 30 feet long, this whale eats porpoises, dolphins, and seals, and men if it can get them. It will circle an ice floe if there is a man on it, and try to tip the floe over. Sometimes Killers combine in packs to hunt larger whales, such as the Humpback.

SCOTLAND'S NATURE RESERVES

The addition of three new nature reserves, St. Kilda, Rum, and Caerlaverock, in Dumfriesshire, brings the number in Scotland up to 15. In all they total about 91,000 acres.

Lonely St. Kilda, 40 miles westward of North Uist, in the Outer Hebrides, may in the future have an important bird observatory.

The Isle of Rum, in the Inner Hebrides, is famous for its rare plants and will be used for botanical research. There is also

a herd of nearly a thousand Red Deer and as Rum is only eight miles long and seven-and-a-half wide the habits of this, our largest land animal, can be more easily studied than elsewhere.

The Caerlaverock Nature Reserve, lying on the shores of the Solway Firth, is well known for its bird life. Here bird enthusiasts amid the lonely saltings can study the Pinkfooted and Barnacle geese, widgeon, teal, mallard, shelduck, dunlin, and oyster catchers.



Patience waits on skill

Sitting still as patiently as he can, Colin Edwards of Hornsey, London, waits while his schoolfriend and classmate, Rodney Bent, models his head in clay.

EARLY BIRDS

Summer migrants arrive in Britain

An early spring this year saw the arrival of summer bird migrants a fortnight before they usually appear. Indeed, owing to the mild weather certain kinds, notably the chiffchaff, remained all winter in sheltered parts of the country. But some of these wintering chiffchaffs have been found to be of the Siberian species.

The ring ousel, one of the earliest arrivals, was found at Swindale, in the Westmorland Pennines, on March 3, and the wheatear reached Cheshire on March 11, a fortnight earlier than last year. In south-east Essex the chiffchaff arrived on March 12, twenty days earlier than last year's record, and a blackcap was singing on March 29. A special survey is being made of the records of the wryneck and the nightjar, which are both declining species in Britain.

WATCHING THE NESTS

Nesting birds are also earlier this year, and following the mild winter there has been a slight increase in the numbers of nests built by the herons in the tree tops. Special watch will be kept this year for the nesting of the osprey in Speyside, the golden eagle in County Antrim, Montagu's harrier in Anglesey and Cardiganshire, on Dartmoor and in the New Forest; and hobby falcons in Kent, Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Buckinghamshire.

The wild geese left most of their haunts a week or two before their usual time, but early spring also saw a belated incursion of waxwings from northern Europe into north Scotland, and some reached as far south as Cambridgeshire, Lakeland, and Cheshire. These are very brightly-coloured birds which feed greedily on the red berries of the hedgerows.

MILLIONAIRE TALK

Two rich men walked into a motor-car salesroom.

"How much is that model over there?" asked one.

"Fifteen thousand pounds, sir," replied the salesman.

"I'll have it," said the man, taking his wallet from his pocket.

"Oh, no," interrupted his companion. "It's my turn. You paid for our lunch."

THE ROBIN

I DREAMT I went to Birdland
And flew with feathered wing,
Sparrows taught me how to hop,
A bluebird how to sing.
I learnt to build a cosy nest
And perch in treetops high,
To preen my feathers, use my beak,
Then chirp when dusk was nigh.
Now only when I knew these things
To me the Bird king came,
He brushed me with some paint
and said:
"Now Redbreast be your name!"

SPOT THE . . .

NIGHTINGALE, as from a woodland thicket he pours forth his beautiful bubbling notes. He is about 6½ inches long and his plumage



is a sober shade of brown with pale underparts. Cock and hen birds are alike. Despite the name, nightingales sing as much during the day as at night, but as they are then merely one of a chorus their song often passes unnoticed. At night, with most other birds silent, the nightingale's liquid trills and warbles can be appreciated to the full.

Should you be near a nest, the cock bird will probably dart close to you, trying to frighten you away with an angry purring note, not unlike the whirr of a sewing machine.

BEHEAD AND CURTAIL

Can you find the answer to the first clue in each line below? When you have found it, take off the first and last letters and you will have the answers to the second clue in the line.

ONE on each hand. Slight noise.
Water vapour. Daily meal.
A rock. A weight.
A bird. Affection.
A colour. A noisy disturbance.
Sweet food. A number.

WORD SQUARE

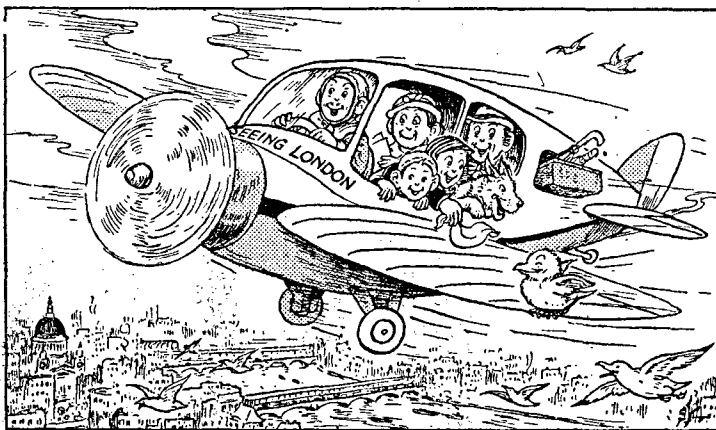
The answers to these four clues will, if written below each other, read the same across as down.

Stretch of inland water.
In the centre.
Royal person.
Brink.

CATCH QUESTION

ON a table are 25 apples. Can you put all the 25 apples into six paper bags in such a way that there is an odd number of apples in every bag?

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FOR THE JACKO FAMILY



The Jacko family planned to visit London for the day on a sight-seeing tour. "We'll simply have to fly to see it all," remarked Jacko. "Fly! Why, that's it!" exclaimed Father. "We'll hire our own plane and fly." Which is exactly what the family did. A most leisurely tour, they all agreed—and all because of Jacko's unintended brainwave!

BEDTIME TALE

BILLY IS NO GARDENER

"If you are going to have any flowers in that patch of garden I marked out for you last year," said Daddy to Billy one day, "you had better get your seeds in. But don't forget to dig the patch first and rake it level."

But now Mummy was calling them both in.

"Ummm. Smells jolly good," said Billy as they went into the kitchen. "What is it?"

"I've been boiling up some bones to make soup," said Mummy. "Now it's ready, and if you'll go and sit down I'll give the bones to Rover."

Lunch over, Billy thought he would get on with preparing his patch of garden. He walked over to his little plot.

Then he stopped short. The patch looked newly dug and raked over. "Thanks a lot for doing my garden," he called to his Daddy.

"I haven't touched it," said Daddy. "Perhaps Mummy decided to give you a hand."

Billy could not see how Mummy had come into the garden in the few minutes since they had finished lunch, but he shrugged his shoulders and began making the holes in which to place his seeds.

No sooner had he started than Rover came bounding up, barking excitedly and trying to nudge Billy away from the garden.

"Now what's the matter with you, old chap?" said Billy, giving him a friendly push. Rover sat a few yards away watching his young master carefully. And the moment he began making the seed-holes again, Rover began barking.

Then Daddy laughed. "Rover's a better gardener than you—but he's planted bones instead of flowers. He's the one who dug and raked the garden."

Billy gave Rover a pat. "I always said he was a clever dog. He must have heard you say the other day that bonemeal was good for the soil."

THE SAME BOTH WAYS

THE answers to these clues read the same forwards or backwards. Can you say what they are?

Young dog, title for a lady, comedian's joke, to pry, found in an apple, an action.

PLACES AND THEIR PRODUCTS

WHAT products did these places give their names to? Corinth, Calicut, Damascus, Sardinia.

A GAME PUZZLE

IN which games would you use the following things?

A stick, stones, woods, clubs, a mallet, a puck.

RHYMING RIDDLE

THOUGH stranded in the desert,
With a landscape bare and dry,
There'd be no need for you to starve.

Now can you tell me why?

The answers to these puzzles are given in column 5

UP ON THE FARM

DOWN on Topsy-Turvy Farm

Nothing's as it should be.

All the animals and birds
Are as mixed as they could be.

The pigs all moo, the cows all bark,

The horses say: "Quack, quack!"
The cocks and chickens roost at night

Around the chimney stack.

The farmer wears a full dress suit
When cleaning out the sties.
His wife cuts up potatoes
For making apple pies.

If you doubt these words of mine
Set out last December,
You will find it's as I said
When you're there in September.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

THE American State of Michigan has over 6400 lakes within its borders. Many of these are named after food. For instance, there are Lamb, Liver, Chicken-bone, Goose Neck, Oyster, Egg, Cucumber, Pepper, Honey, Raisin, and Peach Lakes. There are, too, the Coffee, Milk, and Buttermilk Lakes. And as if these were not enough, there are Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner, Meal, Picnic, and Cook Lakes.

A HARD CASE

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard

If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock (and its case is uncommonly hard)

Will continue to work though it strikes.

Tom Hood

The Children's Newspaper, May 4, 1957

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A LAD applying for a job went to see the foreman.

"What's your name?" he was asked.

"Denis Compton."

"That's a well-known name."

"Yes. I've been delivering papers round here for eighteen months."

ANSWERS TO JUST A FEW WORDS

1. A labyrinth is a maze; a place full of many passages. (From the Greek word *labyrinthos*.)
2. C Precarious means uncertain, insecure; depending upon chance. (From Latin *precar*, to pray.)
3. B Fatal originally meant appointed by fate, but it is now generally used in the sense of disastrous, or causing death. (From Latin *fatum*, a prediction.)
4. B Amphibious means adapted to living on land and in water (like a frog, for example). (From Greek *amphi*, on both sides, and *bios*, life.)
5. A Geology is the science relating to the history and development of the earth's crust; hence it deals largely with rocks.
6. A Timorous means timid, easily frightened. (From Latin *timor*, fear.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Behead and curtail. Thumb, hum; steam, tea; stone, ton; Plover, love; Brown, row; Honey, oze

Word square. L A K E
A M I D
K I N G
E D G E

Catch question. Put five apples into each of five small bags and then put the five small bags into a larger sixth bag.

Teaser. Yes—when it changes 10 into 100. Animal vowels. Puma, lion, leopard, tiger, elephant, llama, bison, beaver

Same both ways. Pup, madam, gag, peep, pip, deed

Places and their products. Currants (originally raisins of Corauntz (Corinth), calico, damask sardines

A game puzzle. Hockey, curling, bowls, golf, croquet, ice-hockey

Rhyming riddle. Because of the "sand which is" there

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER									
S	C	O	T	R	O	O	F		
T	O	R		P	O	P		L	
M	E	D	I	C	I	N	E		
O	P	T	I	E	N	E	E		
R	A	S	P		S	E	T		
A	R	T		S	O	R	T		
T	E	R	M	I	N	A	L		
O	A	R		P	E	T			
R	A	P	T		B	E	S	T	

Oh Gosh!

Oh Golly!

It's

Koola Fruta

A LYONS LOLLY

In all your favourite flavours 3d